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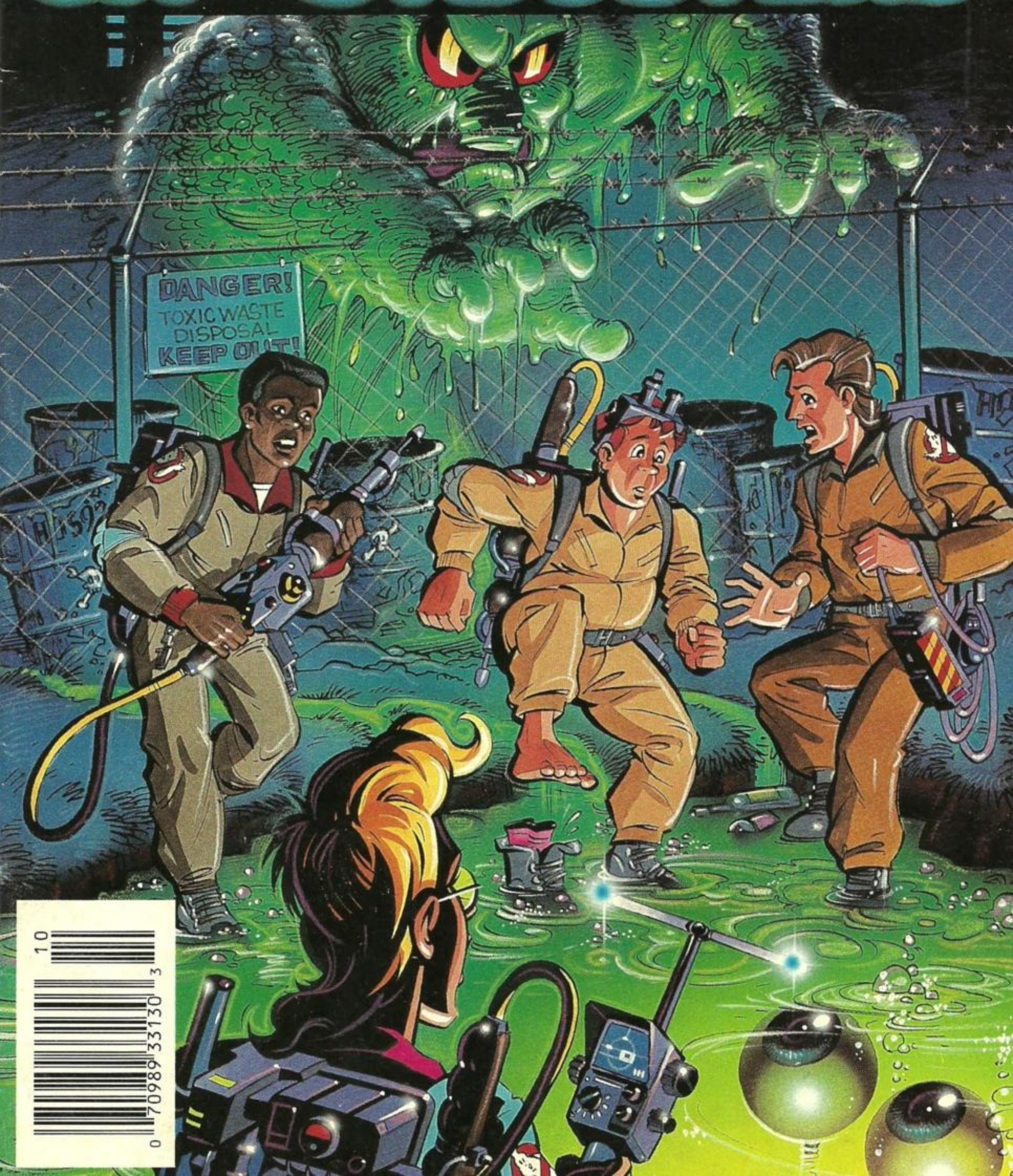
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



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NOW ON SALE!

SPEED RACER 14

By Lamar Waldron, Joe Phillips, & Brian (RACER-X) Thomas
SPEED RACER and the gang go to Egypt for an international race and TRIXIE is mistaken for a reincarnated Egyptian goddess! Will this new attention spoil her even more than she already is? And if so will she give up her Mercedes, Helicopter, and Airplane for a desert life?
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ASTRO BOY 13

By Ken Steacy and Andrew Pratt!
The world is in peril once again, but it seems that even the mighty ASTRO BOY can't even save us from this being from space!
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 3

By James Van Hise, John Tobias, & Brian Thomas
Based on the hit-movie and the smash cartoon show!
In this issue we have Nuclear waste goulies from beyond!
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THE TERMINATOR! 2

The conclusion of the first issue's story. The rebels discover that there is a way to stop a TERMINATOR!
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RACER-X 2

Super-technology, super-cars, super-gadgets, and the ultimate super-agent! Rex Racer has to race across the Grand Canyon to protect a secret witness from the hands of the enemy! Will he survive? Or will he be lost in the Canyon forever?
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RALPH SNART ADVENTURES VOL. III NO. 2

By Marc Hansen
The insane mind of Ralph Snart explores the world of roll-playing games and discovers that they are as dangerous, if not more than reading this comic book! This issue's pin-up is of the infamous MRS. (MOMMY) SNART!
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FRIGHT NIGHT 1

By Joe Gentile, Lenin Delsol
The first three issues of this regular monthly series will retell the story of the sequel FRIGHT NIGHT II and then follow into new exciting adventures of Peter Vincent and Charley Brewster! HINT: You will encounter a female vampiress and her three off-the-wall sidekicks!
Full-Color Baxter Monthly $1.75US/$2.25CANADA

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 3

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WRITTEN BY
JIM VAN HISE
PENCILLED BY
JOHN TOBIAS
INKED BY
BRIAN THOMAS
LETTERED BY
JIM MASSARA
COLORED BY
RICH POWERS
COVER BY
KEN STEACY

TIGER BY THE TAIL...

I'm a very firm believer in the old adage; "If you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself." No one else has that drive, that determination, knowledge and vision that you would have for what you want to do.

Everyone has their own opinions and concepts on anything and everything.

I have my own ideas of what NOW COMICS is, and will be, and keeping close tabs on it these past few years (although it feels like few decades), has worked. You are enjoying our comics, right? Of course you are, you're buying them! Everyone is buying them!

Ultimately what this does is create a frenzy that has turned NOW COMICS into my pet monster. Like holding a tiger by it's tale, it's dragged me into some wonderful places and situations, and also into not so wonderful places and situations.

And I don't regret a thing. I've learned from my mistakes as well as my triumphs. Just as in life you learn from your accomplishments and failures.

I've made a major commitment with creating a "New Age" comic company. And I'll stand by it to make sure you get every wonderful issue of your favorite characters in our line. But I don't do it alone, mind you, let me introduce you to some of the people who bring you the finest in graphic entertainment every month.

Besides all the creative types, (who always get all the glory) we have Regina Samoska, who, like the REAL GHOSTBUSTERS' ever efficient Janine Melnitz, deals with the eccentrics who roam into the office by door or by phone. My own personal name for the comic industry is "Little Hollywood". So just as in Hollywood, we have much rif-raf.

Regina keeps them from interrupting the daily schedule. She also handles some of the more important things like re-orders, this is to make sure when your outlet runs out of copies of your favorite books, they get restock A.S.A.P!

And then there's Katherine Llewellyn, the production assistant, who can handle the thousands of letters we receive every month, but still has the time to grace the pages of the few privileged books in our line that she paints.

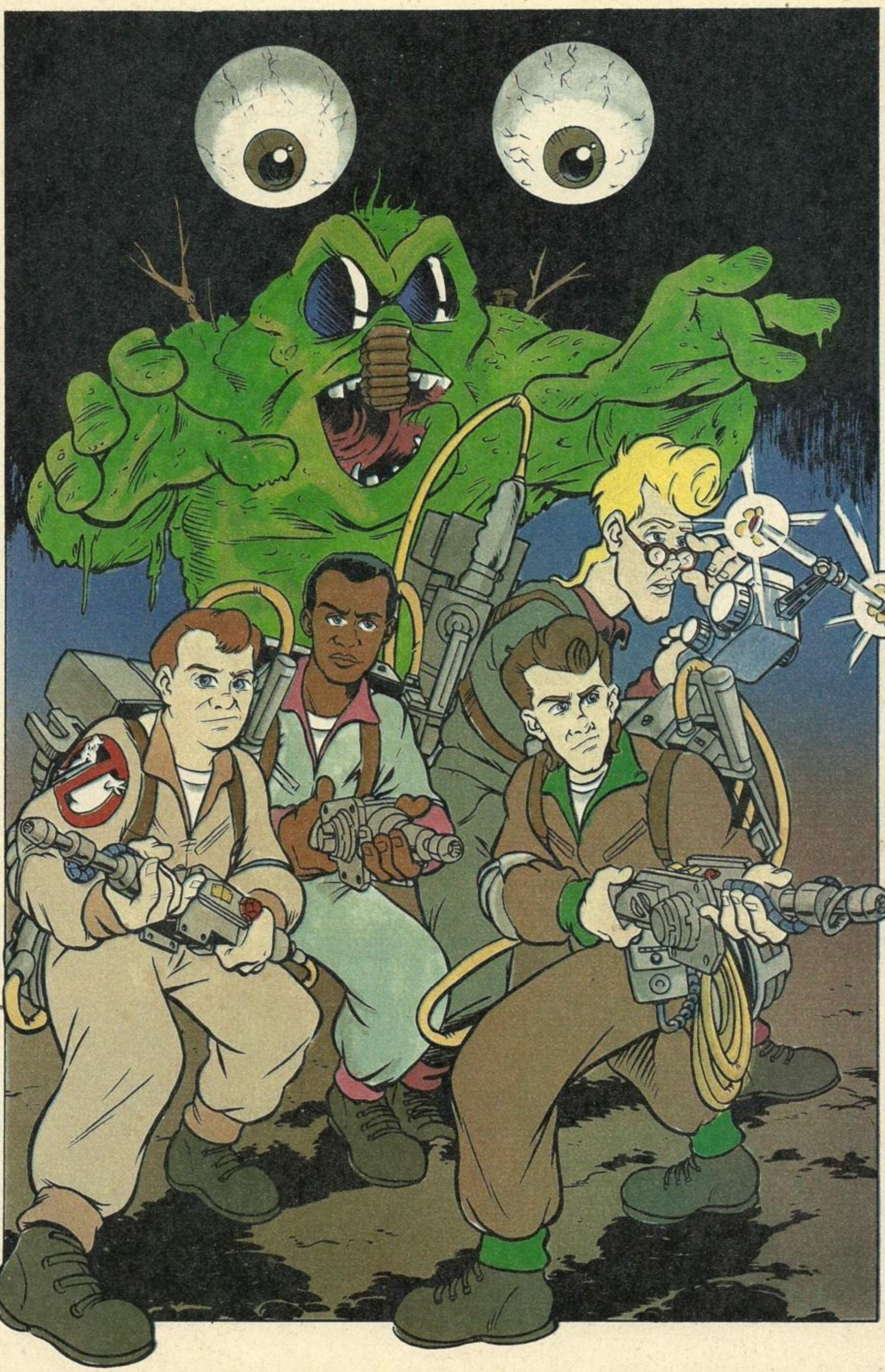
Now (no pun intended), we come to the heart of NOW COMICS,the Vice-President and Treasurer; Nanette Injeski. This is a woman that pumps the blood through the veins of NOW COMICS. Without a doubt a lion and tiger tamer.

Although a very talented artist herself, she finds it essential to use her keen sense of business to make sure that the comics stay on schedule.

Then of course there's myself, the publisher, owner, designer, and now, Editor n' Chief. Hey, it's a big responsibility, but somebody's got to do it, and do it right.

But of course, that's only my opinion.

Tony Caputo
Editor n' Chief
Publisher



MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY, IN THE WILDS OF NEW YORK STATE, PEOPLE CAN FIND SOLITUDE AND SECURITY NECESSARY TO BREW BOTH MIRACLES AND NIGHTMARES. **WHICH** DEPENDS ON HOW IT'S ULTIMATELY USED--OR **MISUSED.**

CHOATE CHEMICAL

SMG

THIS ROAD GETS WORSE AND WORSE ALL THE TIME. THEY OUGHTA PAVE IT.

CHOATE

BRUCE

CCC

CHOATE CHEMICAL COMPANY

THAT WOULD COST MONEY. THEY WON'T EVEN GIVE US A LUNCH ROOM. WE'VE GOTTA CHOW DOWN IN THE PARKING LOT AND WATCH FOR SPIDERS AND SNAKES.

"YEAH, BUT THEY'VE GOT A BIG DEFENSE CONTRACT NOW."

THUMP!

"WITH THE KIND OF GLOP THEY COOK UP IN OUR LABS..."

SMG

"...THE WHOLE WORLD..."

FUMP!

PLOOSH!

"...WILL BE UNSAFE AT **ANY** SPEED."

HOS92

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS GHOSTBUSTERS, THEY'RE ALSO DISCUSSING THE STATE OF MODERN WASTE DISPOSAL...

CAN'T WE JUST FEED IT TO SLIMER? HE'LL PROBABLY JUST EAT IT ANYWAY.

IT'S YOUR TURN, AND IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE GARBAGE OUT NOW IT'S LIABLE TO GET UP AND ATTACK YOU.

SPORTS.

SLAUGHTER IN CHICAGO

AROUND THIS PLACE THAT'D BE BUSINESS AS USUAL.

PIZZA

CAN'T YOU AND EGON INVENT SOMETHING THAT'LL JUST DISINTEGRATE THIS STUFF, SEND IT INTO THE TENTH DIMENSION OR SOMETHING?

HEY, THE GARBAGE IS LEVITATING!

MAYBE I'VE GOT A SECRET POWER I DON'T KNOW ABOUT!

YIN YAN TAKE OUT

ZZA

CRASH!

I TOLD YOU THE GARBAGE WOULD ATTACK YOU.

WHY AM I THE ONE WHO ALWAYS GETS SLIMED?

FACE IT, PETER, IT'S WHAT YOU DO BEST.

PIZZA

CHOATE

CHOATE CHEMICALS

DANGER

PRIVATE PROPERTY

THAT NIGHT, THE CHOATE CHEMICAL COMPANY IS LIT UP LIKE A PRISON, BUT THE LIGHTS ONLY MURKILY PENETRATE THE HUMID DARKNESS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

THE WATER RIPPLES AND CHURNS, THE POND SCUM SEEMING TO BOIL WITH FURY AS SOMETHING RISES FROM THE DARK EMBRACE OF THE SWAMPY DEPTHS.

MICALS

IT RISES FROM THE MUCK, ITS HEAD COVERED WITH GREEN SLIME AND TINY INSECTS. LIVING WHERE THERE HAD BEEN NO LIFE, IT EXISTS, DRAWN TOGETHER FROM THE REFUSE THE SWAMP HAD LONG HIDDEN.

IT CRAWLS ON TO A SMALL ISLAND IN THE SWAMPY WASTES, RISING TO TAKE ITS FIRST STEP.

BARELY SEEN, BUT SEEING. POWERFUL, BUT ALONE. LIKE A PROUD FATHER, THE SWAMP WATCHES ITS FIRST-BORN COME INTO THE WORLD.

LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY, IT GIVES FORTH SOMETHING LIKE A BIRTH CRY AND REACHES OUT AS THOUGH TO EMBRACE THE DARKNESS.

RESIST THE SOOTHING CALL OF THE ORB OF NIGHT.

SEARCH OUT THE SLUDGE OF LIFE.

GRIMLY DETERMINED, IT OBEYS.

IT MARCHES THROUGH THE WATER AND UP TO THE FENCE.

NOTHING MUST STAND IN ITS WAY.

SMASH CLANK

DRAWN BY THE PUNGENT SCENT OF THAT WHICH GAVE IT LIFE, IT FINDS ITS SOURCE.

LAB 501

DR. DIABLO

BUT WHAT IT NEEDS IS IN A VAULT BEYOND ITS PRESENT STRENGTH TO ENTER.

NEED

WHAT'S THIS?

SECURITY

WHY, IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D BELIEVE YOU WERE SENT TO HAUNT ME FOR PAST MISDEEDS, BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE IN TWISTS OF FATE!

GET THIS MESS OUT OF HERE!

FIRE

SSSSHHHHH

SPLAT

KER-PLUNK

NEED HOSE

NO PILE OF POND SCUM IS GOING TO RUIN WHAT I'VE CRUSHED ALL OTHERS TO ACHIEVE!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE LAST OF THE EVIDENCE.

WASH IT DOWN GOOD OR DIABLO WILL HAVE OUR HIDES.

WHAT A DIRTY JOB!

OH, NO!

O'BRYAN

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GONNA BE A LONG NIGHT!

IT'S A MISTER ELLIS JOHNSON WITH THE CHOATE CHEMICAL COMPANY. HE WON'T TELL ME WHAT HE WANTS, AND INSISTS ON SOMEONE IN COMMAND.

MAYBE I SHOULD HANDLE IT.

NO, HE WANTS SOMEONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE.

CHOMP CHOMP

THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS

WE'RE COMPLETELY DISCREET. ONLY OCCASIONALLY DO OUR CASES MAKE THE COVERS OF TIME, NEWSWEEK, US, PEOPLE, USA TODAY, OMNI, VIDEOFAX OR WEIRD TALES. YES, CERTAINLY THIS WILL REMAIN PRIVATE. YES, PETER VENKMAN HAS TO COME ALONG. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER TODAY. GOOD-BYE.

THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT? DID HE USE MY NAME IN VAIN?

YOUR PUBLIC-RELATIONS IMAGE COULD USE A LITTLE WORK, THAT'S ALL.

CHOATE CHEMICAL IS THAT OUTFIT WEST OF THE CITY, ISN'T IT?

CHOMP CHOMP

I ALSO HEAR THEY DO A LOT OF GOVERNMENT WORK. IF THEY'VE GOT BIG PROBLEMS, WHY NOT CALL IN THE FEDS?

CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP

THEY APPARENTLY FEAR ANY PUBLICITY WHICH COULD JEOPARDIZE THE SENSITIVE WORK THEY'RE DOING THERE.

WHAT KIND OF WORK *ARE* THEY DOING THERE?

HE WOULDN'T SAY, EXCEPT THAT SECURITY CLEARANCES ARE INVOLVED.

GREAT! SO WE'RE GOING TO SEE SOMEONE WHO WON'T TELL US WHAT HE MAKES, IS AFRAID THE GOVERNMENT WILL FIND OUT HE HAS A PROBLEM, AND ON TOP OF THAT HE THINKS I'M A JERK!

HE JUST DOESN'T KNOW YOU LIKE WE DO. WE LIKE YOU IN SPITE OF YOUR FAULTS.

THE REAL GHOST BUSTER

AS I EXPLAINED TO MISTER JOHNSON, HIS PROBLEM IS SLIGHTLY OUTSIDE OF OUR USUAL CASES BECAUSE IT DOESN'T SEEM TO INVOLVE A GHOST, BUT RATHER A DIFFERENT SORT OF SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATION. A SWAMP MONSTER BROKE INTO HIS PLANT LAST NIGHT.

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING SLIMER SHOULD HANDLE.

PETER, YOU'RE SCARING HIM!

YEAH, I KNOW.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE CAN HANDLE IT?

IT OOZED THROUGH WALLS, WAS WASHED AWAY WITH FIRE HOSES AND REFORMED ITSELF.

SOUNDS LIKE A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS ALRIGHT.

WE'RE DUE THERE LATER THIS AFTERNOON.

I'LL GET THE ECTO-1 READY.

HEY, I'VE GOT EXPERIENCE FOR THIS CASE! I WENT TO A PARTY ONCE AS THE SEWER THING. I SMEARED ON A HUNDRED POUNDS OF...

WE REALLY DON'T NEED TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR USELESS STUNTS.

HEY, IT WASN'T USELESS! IT WAS DISGUSTING, BUT IT WASN'T USELESS!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, MILES FROM NEW YORK, THE GHOSTBUSTERS APPROACH THE SAD LITTLE TOWN OF HORSTINGVILLE.

WE'RE REALLY OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. THIS SMALL TOWN IS ALL WE'VE SEEN IN OVER AN HOUR.

FOR THE KIND OF SENSITIVE WORK THEY MUST BE DOING, REMOTENESS IS AN ADVANTAGE.

MAYBE THEY'RE NOT REMOTE ENOUGH.

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING WE MAY NOT BE WORKING FOR THE GOOD GUYS?

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO QUICK TO BLAME CHOATE CHEMICAL WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE.

FRED'S DELI FOR SALE

FABRICS

LUPO'S BUTCHER

I UNDERSTAND THEY HAVE A VERY RESPONSIBLE SCIENTIST IN CHARGE-- A DOCTOR DIABLO.

YOU CALLED THE *GHOSTBUSTERS!* YOU *FOOL!*

CHOATE

WHO DID YOU EXPECT ME TO CALL? THE DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION? THEY'D JUST SAY IT HAS TO BE IN BAGS AND OUT BY THE CURB.

I'M GLAD YOU'RE TAKING THIS SO LIGHTLY. IT'LL HELP YOU ADJUST TO BEING UNEMPLOYED WHEN THOSE DO-GOODERS BLOW THE WHISTLE ON WHAT WE'RE PRODUCING HERE. I WON'T HAVE MY WORK JEOPARDIZED!

I'LL BET YOUR WORK CREATED THIS FREAK THAT'S MENACING US, NOT THAT YOU'D BOTHER TELLING ME. I ONLY RUN THE COMPANY. REMEMBER, *FRANKENSTEIN* ISN'T JUST A MONSTER MOVIE--IT'S A CAUTIONARY TALE, AND I REFUSE TO BE CONSUMED BY ONE OF YOUR WILD EXPERIMENTS.

YOU WEREN'T WHINING WHEN MY WORK LANDED YOU THE $50 MILLION HOS92 CONTRACT. CONVENTIONAL WARFARE WILL BE REVOLUTIONIZED!

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING THAT IT ALREADY HAS, AND WE'RE IT'S FIRST VICTIMS?

YOUR PRECIOUS DUST-BUSTERS, OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED, WON'T ALLOW THAT. THEY'RE THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY, AND I'M SURE IF YOU OFFERED THEM A BONUS IT WOULD BUY THEIR SILENCE UNTIL HOS92 IS AN ACCEPTED FACT OF LIFE.

FACT OF DEATH, YOU MEAN.

SHEESH--THIS LOOKS LIKE WHERE THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE HANG OUT. I'D HATE TO BE OUT HERE AT NIGHT.

ACTUALLY, I EXPECT THAT IS EXACTLY WHERE WE WILL BE TONIGHT-- ALL NIGHT.

WHY DID I KNOW HE WAS GOING TO SAY THAT?

IT WOULD BE FORTUNATE IF YOU COULD WRAP THIS UP QUICKLY, WHAT WITH PRODUCTION SCHEDULES AND ALL. YOU UNDERSTAND. PEOPLE AROUND HERE DEPEND ON CHOATE CHEMICAL FOR THEIR LIVELIHOOD.

V.I.P.

IT DOESN'T DO MUCH FOR THEIR NEIGHBORHOODS, THOUGH.

I'M HERE IN THE NORTH LOT WHERE IT WAS SEEN LAST NIGHT.

I'M HERE ON THE WEST SIDE WHERE I HOPE IT WON'T BE SEEN AT ALL TONIGHT...

EYAAH!!

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT THE MONSTER. I JUST WANTED TO OBSERVE YOUR METHODS.

THEN I USED UP A PERFECTLY GOOD SCREAM FOR NOTHING--I'VE GOT PLENTY LEFT, THOUGH.

CC

DEEP IN CONVERSATION ABOUT HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT, PETER DOESN'T NOTICE SOMETHING OOZING PAST HIS OUTPOST.

YES, I'VE DEVELOPED KEEN NERVES AND HEIGHTENED SENSES AS A GHOSTBUSTER...

NOTHING GETS BY ME.

SOUTH GATE

WINSTON, YOU READ ME IN THE LAB?

LOUD AND CLEAR. DOCTOR DIABLO WANTS ME TO LEAVE. I THINK IT'S MORE THAN JUST BEIN' AFRAID I'LL BREAK HIS TEST TUBES. HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THIS, I'M SURE OF IT.

YOU MAY AS WELL GO ELSEWHERE WITH YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS. I'M SURE IT WON'T COME BACK HERE. IT WAS NOTHING BUT SWAMP GAS, ANY-WAY.

AROUND THIS PLACE, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THE SWAMP GOT A BAD CASE OF GAS.

OUT IN THE CORRIDOR, RAY HAS A SUDDEN VISITOR.

I SEE IT! IT'S OUT HERE! GUYS, IT'S HERE!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HAVING A GAS ATTACK, DOC.

WITH ANY LUCK, IT WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, THEN I WILL TAKE CARE OF IT ... MY WAY!

HE LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WHO FELL ASLEEP IN A GARBAGE TRUCK!

I SHOOT PIECES OFF BUT IT KEEPS RE-FORMING.

I CAN'T LET THIS THING INTERFERE WITH THE ***HOS92*** PROJECT.

COMBAT WILL BE REVOLUTIONIZED, AND WHILE WARFARE MAY NOT BE MUCH BETTER, IT WILL CERTAINLY BE DIFFERENT.

SO, BACK AGAIN! BUT I'M READY FOR YOU THIS TIME!

SPLOTCH

BUT THE CREATURE QUICKLY RE-FORMS FROM ANOTHER TRASH BARREL.

NO! I REFUSE TO BE CONSUMED BY MY SUCCESS! I DON'T BELIEVE IN POETIC JUSTICE!

WHAT A MESS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING IT ATE! HEH, HEH.

STORY CONTINUES AFTER CENTERSPREAD POSTER!

GIANT FULL COLOR PIN-UP

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

AKING
THOMAS
BG

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YOU CAN'T GET INTO THE VAULT. ONLY I HAVE THE COMBINATION AND THE VAULT IS AIR-TIGHT...

HOS92

...NOT TO MENTION SLIME-TIGHT!

ONE CAN ONLY IMAGINE DOCTOR DIABLO'S SURPRISE WHEN THE CREATURE WALKS THROUGH THE SCIENTIST, ABSORBING AND THEN RELEASING THE DISTURBED INVENTOR.

NOW I'M A REFLECTION OF YOUR SOUL!

YOU CAN'T REFLECT WHAT ISN'T THERE!

IT'S THERE, BUT IT'S A NIGHTMARE.

SPOP

PING

TCBSOH

CRANK

GOODBYE, DIABLO, UNTIL LATER.

WHEN THE MUCK-MAN THE GHOSTBUSTERS HAD BEEN FIGHTING SUDDENLY COLLAPSES, THEY RETURN TO THE LAB, ONLY TO FIND THEY HAD MISSED THE REAL ACTION.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE BEEN HAD.

THAT OTHER GARBAGE MONSTER MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF DECOY.

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A PLAN!

SPEAKING OF PLANS, PETER, DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD EX-PERIENCE WITH THINGS LIKE THIS?

WELL, ONCE I DRESSED UP IN A HUNDRED POUNDS OF PEANUT BUTTER FOR MY GIRLFRIEND'S HALLOWEEN PARTY AND...

SUDDENLY, PETER IS STARTING TO MAKE SENSE.

YEAH, IF THE TRASHCAN MAN CAN USE A DECOY...

NO, WAIT! THAT WAS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME EXPERIENCE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WEARING ALL THAT ***FEELS*** LIKE! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STAINS ON THE RUG! MY GIRLFRIEND NEVER SPOKE TO ME AGAIN, ESPECIALLY AFTER I HUGGED HER!

COME ON, PETER, THIS IS FOR ***SCIENCE!***

I'M SURE THE GUYS WILL KICK IN SOME HAZARDOUS DUTY PAY.

I WON'T DO IT AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!

LATER...

I THINK WE MUST HAVE BOUGHT UP ALL THE PEA-NUT BUTTER THEY HAD LEFT IN TOWN.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET YOUR VITAL EX-PERIENCE GO TO WASTE.

HOW MUCH HAZARDOUS DUTY PAY ARE WE TALK-ING ABOUT HERE?

I COULD USE A NEW CAR.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW HARD THIS STUFF IS TO WASH OFF, ESPECIALLY FROM YOUR HAIR. I SMELLED LIKE A MISTER GOODBAR FOR WEEKS.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS WAIT UNTIL DARK AND LET PETER DO HIS STUFF.

IF THEY EXPECT ME TO MAKE ANY MUCK-MONSTER MAT-ING CALLS, THEN HAZ-ARD PAY *OR* NO HAZARD PAY, I'M MAKING A VERY MESSY EXIT!

THAT THING WALKED ALL OVER ME! IF I WANTED TO BE TREATED LIKE THAT, I'D WORK IN A BUSINESS SERVING THE PUBLIC!

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE JUNK MAN WAS CREATED BY THE HOS92, ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO WORK ON INANIMATE MATTER, JUST POST-ANIMATE MATTER.

WELL, I DON'T MAKE ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T HAVE AN ANTIDOTE. BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY.

GSMT

THIS SHOULD COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS OF THE HOS92 AND REALLY POLLUTE THE SOUP! OOHH, I JUST LOVE MY JOB, I REALLY DO!

GSMT

BLOOP

BLURP

YARGH

BLUB

BLOGGLE

BLOOSH

BLECH

BLOSH

BLEH

BLOOH

BLAH

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE NOISE SOMEONE WOULD MAKE IF THEY WERE BEING FLUSHED DOWN THE TOILET, I HOPE IT'S JUST THE SWAMP PASSING GAS.

BOY, I REALLY HATE THE WAY THIS STUFF SQUISHES BETWEEN MY TOES.

BLOORG!

RIP!

OH, NO! NOW I REMEMBER WHAT I HATED THE MOST ABOUT THIS STUNT THE LAST TIME --THIS STUFF IS SO HEAVY THAT I COULDN'T **RUN** UNDER ALL THIS TO SAVE MY *LIFE!*

DON'T WORRY, PETER, WE'RE BEHIND YOU!

YEAH, BUT LOOK WHAT'S IN **FRONT** OF ME.

GUYS! **HELP!** THIS PLAN IS WORKING ***TOO*** GOOD!

NOOOO! IT THINKS I'M ITS MATE! I'M NOT READY TO HAVE MUD PUPPIES!

ANOTHER ONE!

FUP

WOW! THEY'RE ACTUALLY FIGHTING OVER ME! I HOPE THEY BOTH LOSE!

THUMP

BEFORE, THEY ALL SEEMED PART OF THE SAME HIVE MIND.

NOW THERE'S TWO DIFFERENT KINDS. THIS LOOKS VERY BAD.

WOMP

SPLASH!

I WON'T MOVE AN INCH! I WON'T MOVE AN INCH!

I'LL TRY NOT TO SCREAM, BUT I THINK I'LL FAIL THAT PART!

LIKE ALL THINGS IN NATURE, WE JUST WANT TO SUR-VIVE.

I CAN RELATE TO THAT.

UNNATURAL THINGS WANT TO SURVIVE, TOO.

THERE IS THE *MENACE!*

WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANY-WAY?

THE WINNING SIDE!

THEN WE'VE BEEN ON THE WRONG SIDE!

NOT ANY MORE!

STOP! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!

ENOUGH ALREADY!

STAY PUT! STAY AWAY FROM YOUR BARRELS...

...OR ONLY ONE OF US WILL ENJOY WHAT HAPPENS, AND IT WON'T BE YOU!

I HOPE THE GREEN TEAM IS ON OUR SIDE!

CHOOM!

WHAT'S THAT THING OVER THERE?!

WITH ANY LUCK, IT'S A SPECIAL DELIVERY JUST FOR *YOU!*

BUT THE HOS92 *COULDN'T* HAVE CREATED *THAT!*

SPEED RACER

Speed Racer is a unique teenager who drives a special sports car called the *MACH 5*. This extraordinary sports car contains gadgets and featues that enable him to drive over, through or under land and sea!

Follow the exciting monthly adventures of SPEED RACER, his girlfriend TRIXIE, his kid brother SPRIDLE, and SPRIDLE'S pet chimp, CHIM-CHIM, as they take you along for a ride in the fastest car and on the greatest adventures around the world!

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ON SALE NOW!

NOW comics

WHAT *IS* HOS92?

IT RE-ANIMATES THE RECENTLY DEAD, TO CREATE AN UNBEATABLE ARMY... THE ULTIMATE SHOCK TROOPS... MINDLESS... UNSTOPPABLE...

SPEAKING OF MINDLESS AND UNSTOPPABLE...

I WISH YOU HADN'T PUT IT QUITE LIKE THAT.

THEY WILL NOT HARM YOU. THAT WAS NEVER OUR INTENT. WE ONLY NEED TO SURVIVE.

THAT THING THAT ROSE FROM THE SWAMP IS WHAT'S BEHIND THE CREATURES--THEY'RE EXTENSIONS OF IT, LIKE MULTIPLE HANDS!

MAN, THAT'S AS LOUD AS THE VOICE OF *DOOM!*

FOR EONS I SLEPT THE FINAL SLEEP--UNTIL DISTURBED. WE CHOSE NOT TO WAR ON HUMAN ENTITIES, ONLY TO BASK IN THE COOL GLOW OF NIGHT. WITH MORE OF THE SLUDGE OF LIFE WE WILL BE SELF-SUFFICIENT.

TAKE ALL YOU WANT.

HOS92

HOS92

DOCTOR DIABLO WON'T TRY TO STOP YOU ANY MORE, WILL YA', DOC?

STOP THEM! I HIRED YOU GHOSTBUSTERS TO *PREVENT* THIS!

YOU HIRED US TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM. THE SWAMP ISN'T YOUR PROBLEM. DOCTOR DIABLO AND HIS ETHICAL MORASS ARE YOUR PROBLEMS.

YOU'RE EVEN MORE SLIMEY ON THE INSIDE THAN I AM ON THE OUTSIDE! THAT MEANS WE CHARGE YOU DOUBLE! BEING OBNOXIOUS WARRANTS EXTRA SERVICE CHARGES.

WE NO LONGER NEED RESIST THE SOOTHING CALL OF THE ORB OF NIGHT. NOW WE CAN EMBRACE THE SOUL OF EARTH.

I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING TO FORGET WHAT YOU'VE SEEN HERE!

WE'LL STICK TO THE NORMAL FEE--JUST RELOCATE ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN YOU POISONED.

AND HALT THE PRODUCTION OF HOS92 WHILE RECALLING WHAT YOU'VE ALREADY MADE.

BUT THIS IS A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT! I'M APPEALING TO YOUR PATRIOTISM!

PATRIOTISM MEANS LOVE OF COUNTRY, NOT LOVE OF MONEY.

YEAH, OTHERWISE I'D BE THE MOST PATRIOTIC GUY AROUND!

HOW CAN YOU BE IRREVERENT? I'M OFFERING YOU *A LOT* OF MONEY!

JUST BECAUSE WE CAN BE *RENTED* DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN BE *BOUGHT!*

YEAH, WE HAVE OUR SELF-RESPECT ... HOW MUCH WERE YOU OFFERING?

THE NEXT DAY...

I'M PLEASED WE COULD COME TO AN UNDER-STANDING.

OUR GOVERNMENT CONTACTS WILL TELL ME IF THERE'S BEEN ANY MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

THANKS FOR THE INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH SHOWER. SORRY ABOUT THE MESS IN THE LOCKER ROOM, THOUGH. MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE SOME SANDWICHES WITH IT!

I INTEND TO SALVAGE A MEASURE OF SELF-RESPECT FROM THIS, SINCE YOUR ANTI-HOS92 AGENT FAILED, DO YOU HAVE A NEUTRALIZING AGENT?

OF COURSE! I'LL HAVE TO ORDER IT FROM ANOTHER PLANT, BUT IT SHOULD ARRIVE WITHIN A COUPLE DAYS. I'LL JUST DUMP IT DOWN THE PIPES THAT DRAIN INTO THE SWAMP...

...AND *WHAMO*, NO MORE TALKING TRASH HEAPS!

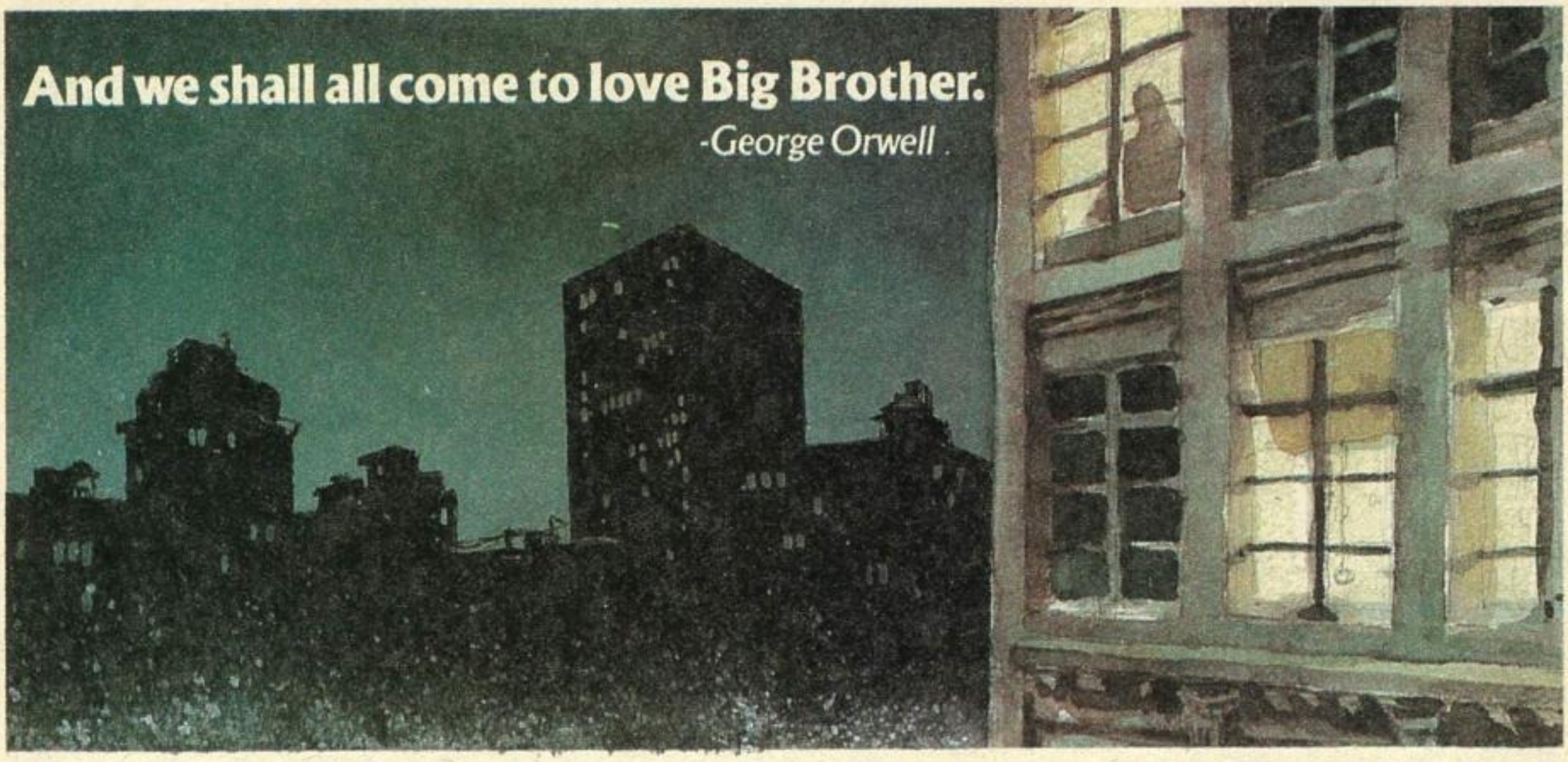
THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS ELLIS JOHNSON DRIVES IN TO THE PLANT...

WHY IS DOCTOR DIABLO STOPPED UP AHEAD ON THE CREST OF THAT HILL?

CHOATE

WE MAY AS WELL CAN-CEL THE SHIPMENT OF THE NEUTRALIZER. IT'S TOO LATE. THE THING *GOT AWAY!*

END



It's been three years since the deadly plague that almost annihilated the human race. The handful of people that survived fell into a totalitarian society built on power and greed.

Scott Baker for years had cursed his very existance as the undying monster he had become, and the corruption of Man that changed him that way.

The evils of Man have disfigured Scott Baker, but he will not allow them to deface the rights given this race by the universe itself.

Perhaps, this is his destiny...

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Edited by Tony Caputo
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